



I DON'T
KNOW. BUT IF
CDI MILITARY IS
TRYING TO TERMINATE
THE CHAIRWOMAN'S
DAUGHTER
SOMETHING BIG HAS
HAPPENED AND WE
SHOULD FIND OUT
ABOUT IT.

I KNOW
YOU...



"THESE FRIENDS OF
THE MAN IN THE
SEWER CAN YOU
IDENTIFY THEM?"

...YOU TRIED
TO KILL MY
MOTHER.

"YEAH, I FOUND OUT
ABOUT THEM TOO."



...SHE MIGHT
BE WORTH
MORE TO US
ALIVE.

A HOSTAGE?

YEAH,
A HOSTAGE! SHE'D
BE WORTH A CRAP
LOAD TO THE CHINESE.
MAYBE EVEN MORE TO
THE RUSSIANS!

WE NEED SERUM, ROBERT. WITH THE CHAIRWOMAN'S
DAUGHTER AS LEVERAGE WE WOULDN'T NEED TO
SACRIFICE MORE OF US ON RAIDS TO GET IT.

THINK
OF OUR
SON.



YOU
OKAY WITH
THAT?



IF IT MEANS WE
DON'T KILL HER



THAT'S NOT
SOMETHING WE
NEED TO WORRY
ABOUT.

OUR BACKUP IS
HERE; YOU'VE GOT
NOWHERE ELSE
TO GO.

PUT
YOUR HANDS UP.
YOUR LITTLE
TEENAGE RUNAWAY
FANTASIES ARE
OVER.



"THEY HAD BLOWN
OPEN A HOLE IN
THE GROUND OVER
THE OLD TOWN
SEWERS."

SHHH!
DROP
HERE! DROP





ST...STAY
AWAY FROM
ME! I'M NOT
GOING BACK!
YOU CAN'T
MAKE ME!

□
□ "DID YOU
RECOGNIZE
THIS MAN?" □
□



I'M NOT HERE TO
TAKE YOU ANYWHERE

HOW DID YOU
GET AWAY?"

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

BASTARD! YOU
KILLED MY DOG!
YOU KILLED THESE
PEOPLE!

MY MOTHER
WILL HAVE YOUR
HEAD ON A
PLATE.





GIVE
ME AN
EXCUSE.

HER! DROP
HER!



"IT GAVE ME
AN EXIT."

WE'VE LOST
EYES ON
TARGET.

LOOKS LIKE
SHE'S GONE
INTO THE OLD
SEWERS.

WE'RE GONNA NEED
A "MOLE" DOWN HERE TO



"I SEE...SO WHAT
HAPPENED AFTER YOU
GOT AWAY?"

"I JUST RAN
AND RAN, 'TIL
I COULDN'T
ANYMORE."

HOW
COULD I
BE SO
STUPID?







WORKS
FOR ME.

JUST TELL ME
WHERE STRYKER
IS AND I'LL LEAVE.
YOU'LL NEVER
SEE ME AGAIN,
I PROMISE.

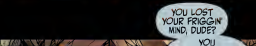
A close-up comic book panel of Wolverine. He has a serious, intense expression with his eyes narrowed. His iconic yellow and black adamantium claws are visible on his right hand. His face shows signs of battle, with some scarring and a determined look.

WHAT DID
YOU JUST
SAY?

A close-up comic book panel of Elektra. She has a stern, somewhat menacing expression with her eyes fixed forward. She has long black hair and visible tattoos on her face and neck. She is wearing a purple top.

THIS *DOES*
STINK...

...WE SHOULD
KILL HER AND
BE DONE WITH
IT.







WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I'M SO
SORRY...



?!



YOU'RE DYLAN
CRUISE. AN ARTEMIS
SERIES III MODEL.
DESIGNATION
HEATWAVE.








BROUGHT THAT
LITTLE BITCH CARIN
TAYLOR HERE? YOU
TRYING TO GET
US KILLED?

SHE'S NO THREAT
TO US, BOOMER. WHEN I
FOUND HER SHE WAS IN OLD
PITTSBURGH AND SHOC'S
WERE TRYING TO
KILL HER.



THAT'S BULLSHIT. WHY
THE HELL WOULD SHOC'S
BE TRYING TO
KILL HER?



NO, YOU CAN'T.

YOU'RE FAR FROM HOME AND IT'S DANGEROUS HERE...EVEN FOR A FOUR. THIS IS MY HOME, THOUGH. MAYBE I CAN HELP.

I'M LOOKING FOR MORGAN STRYKER.

"YOU WERE LOOKING FOR MORGAN STRYKER? AND THIS MAN KNEW THE NAME?"

"YES AND HE WASN'T HAPPY TO HEAR IT."

"INTERESTING. WHAT DID HE DO?"

"HE TOOK ME TO MEET HIS FRIENDS."

Keith Ham

Penciller

Sunny Gho

Colorist

Sal Regio

Inker

Troy Peteri

Letterer

NO WITNESSES,
GHOST 3.

ELIMINATE
ANYONE
OUTSIDE
BLINDER
RADIUS.



GO IN AFTER HER.



A close-up of Poison Ivy's face. She has red hair with green leaves woven through it, and a small green flower on her forehead. She has a serious, slightly angry expression.

NO ONE'S
WITH ME.

I'M
ALONE.

A wider shot of Poison Ivy in a dark, rocky environment. To her left is a large, bright fire. She is looking towards the right, where two dark, hooded figures are partially visible. She has a determined and somewhat defiant expression.

BULLSHIT.

LOOK, I
KNOW YOU KNOW
WHERE STRYKER
IS.


HE'S ONE
OF YOU. HE WAS
WITH YOU WHEN
YOU TRIED TO
ASSASSINATE MY
MOTHER.



NO.
SHE'S JUST
A KID.



SHE'S THE
CHAIRWOMAN'S
DAUGHTER. NO
WAY SHE'S OUT
HERE BY
HERSELF



THEY SET A TRAP AND YOU
FELL FOR IT. PROBABLY A HUNDRED
CROSSHAIRS ON US RIGHT NOW.

DON'T KISS THEM,
THEN YES.





A close-up, profile view of a woman with vibrant red hair tied back. She is wearing a green scarf. Her face is pale with a flushed, orange-tinted area on her cheek. She has several small, dark, circular marks on her forehead and cheek. Her mouth is slightly open, and she has a look of intense shock or awe. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

OH GOD...
NINJA...

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a woman with long, dark hair. She is wearing a purple garment. The image is cropped to focus on her face and upper torso. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

DOMINIQUE
THIEBAUT
SERIES III
DESIGNATION
CYBLADE.

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a woman with blonde hair. She is wearing a purple garment. The image is cropped to focus on her face and upper torso. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

AND YOU'RE



ROGER
THAT,
VIPER.

YOU
HEARD THE
MAN. TAKE
'EM DOWN.

OH
GOD,
NO!

POK
POK
POK
POK

AAAAAEEEEAGH!

GRRRRRRRRRRR

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BOOMER
O'SHEA, EARLY
MODEL PERSEUS
SERIES II.
DESIGNATION
IMPACT.



THIS IS A
CROCK OF
SHIT...

MARK
MATTHEWS,
ARES SERIES IV.
DESIGNATION
ARES PRIME.
DISCONTINUED
MODEL, DEEMED

CYBER FORCE

Marc Silvestri


*Creator, Co-Writer,
Character Design, Art Director*

Matt Hawkins

Co-Writer

Khoi Pham

Sal Roca

A comic book panel featuring a man with a large, spiky, light-colored mohawk and a serious expression. He is holding a black handgun, pointing it towards a woman. The woman has red hair tied in pigtails, wears a green headscarf, a green scarf, and a light blue crop top with a yellow cat graphic. She looks downcast. The background is dark and industrial. Two speech bubbles are present: a large one at the top from the man and a smaller one at the bottom from the woman.

...WHY THE HELL
DOES SHE KNOW SO MUCH
ABOUT US? AND WHAT THE F#\$%
IS THE MOST POWERFUL WOMAN
IN THE WESTERN WORLD'S
DAUGHTER DOING WANDERING
AROUND OLD PITTSBURGH
WITHOUT AN ESCORT?

I'M LOOKING
FOR MORGAN
STRYKER.



OKAY, I'VE HEARD
ENOUGH. WE CAN'T
LET HER GO, SHE'S
COMPROMISED ONE
OF OUR SAFE
HOUSES. AND WE'RE
NOT TAKING HER
WITH US. IMPACT?



THAT OLD MAN
IS LONG DEAD.
YOU WANNA SEE
STRYKER...?



...HAPPY
TO SEND YOU
TO HIM.

INEFFECTIVE.

I PRESUME YOU KNOW
WHO I AM.

THIS
STINKS...

YEP
ROBERT BEARCLAW,
ARES SERIES II
DESIGNATION
RIPCLAW.

ALL OF YOU
WERE *SHOCKS* THAT WENT
ROGUE. YOU TOOK AN
OATH OF SERVICE.

BUT NOW...
NOW YOU'RE JUST
TERRORISTS.



FRIENDS!

500 METERS
10X MAG.

AW JEEZ,
THAT CAN'T BE
WHO I THINK
IT IS.

LOOKING IN
WINDOWS AGAIN,
LOUIS?



